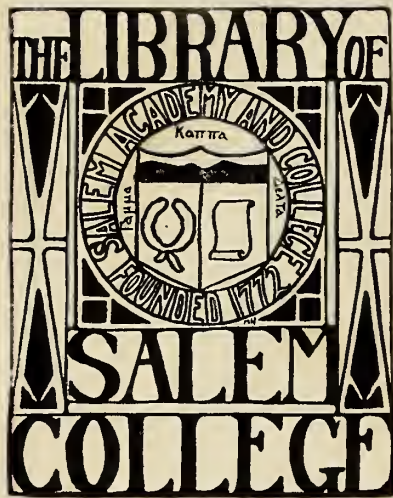




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1933



Accession No. 12873







THE QUILL PEN

of
1933



PUBLISHED BY
THE STUDENTS
of
SALEM ACADEMY
WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA





TO
OUR FATHERS

With gratitude and affection we dedicate this book to our fathers—our counsellors and friends—who have been represented during our Academy days by Dr. Rondthaler.



helen elizabeth. lile

*"I like men;
They stride about."*

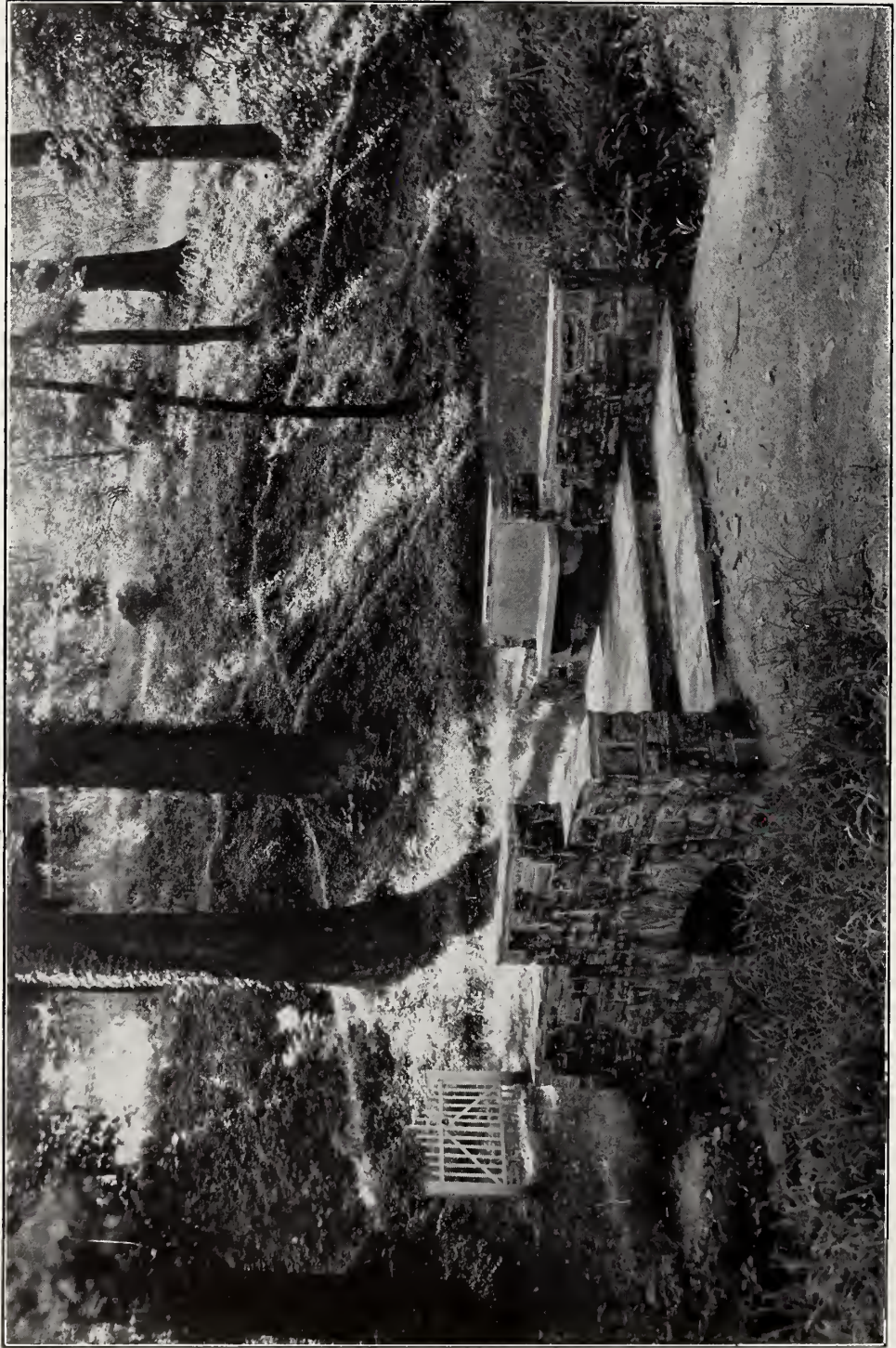
School



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This Building is Given in
Loving Memory of
MARY FRIES PATTERSON
born 1844 died 1927
Class of 1902 by her Son
and 1000 Children as
1844 1927



Faculty of Salem Academy

HOWARD E.
RONDTHALER
PRESIDENT
PH. B., LL. D.
University of N. C.
B. D., M. A., D. D.
*Moravian Theological
Seminary*
BIBLE

MARY A. WEAVER
PRINCIPAL
B. A.
*Randolph-Macon Woman's
College*
MATHEMATICS

CHARLOTTA JACKSON
Columbia University
PRINCIPAL IN RESIDENCE
PHYSICAL EDUCATION

ELIZABETH ZACHARY
B. A.
Salem College
PRINCIPAL IN RESIDENCE
PHYSICAL EDUCATION

MARGARET MURRAY
B. A.
*North Carolina College
for Women*
SCIENCE

JESS BYRD
B. A.
Salem College
LATIN, ENGLISH

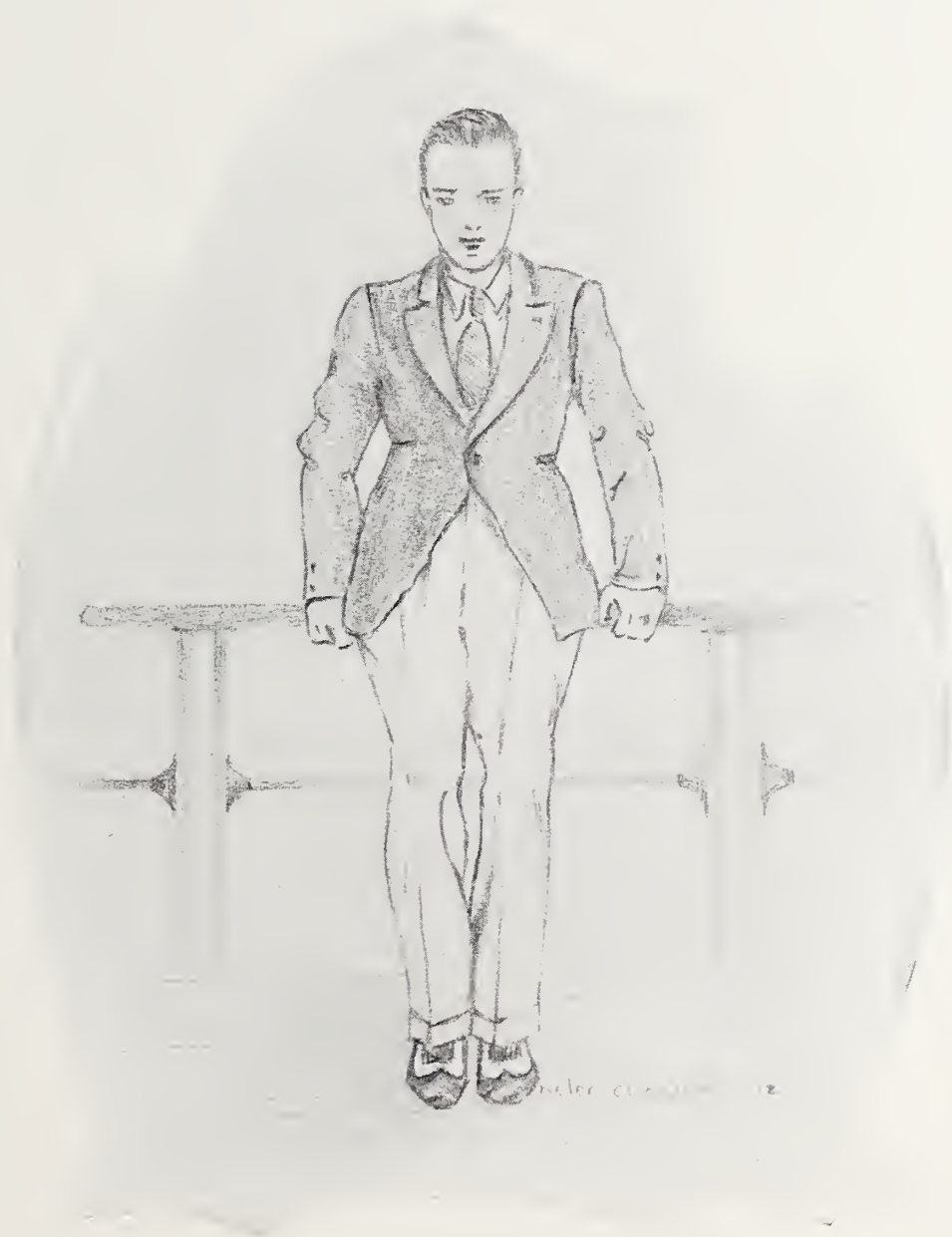
DOROTHY H. KNOX
B. A.
Radcliffe College
M. A.
Middlebury College
FRENCH AND SPANISH

VIRGINIA WILSON
B. S.
*North Carolina College
for Women*
HOME ECONOMICS

GEORGIA WATSON
B. A.
Agnes Scott College
M. A.
University of Chicago
HISTORY
PHYSICAL EDUCATION

LAURA SUMNER
B. A.
*North Carolina College
for Women*
M. A.
Smith College
ENGLISH

HAZEL D. WHEELER
B. S.
Boston University
Vesper George School of Art
ART



*"They look important;
They rock on their toes."*

Classes



QUILL PEN



MISS JESS BYRD

Class Sponsor

We know the freshmen live in mortal terror of "Byrd," but we dignified seniors have learned to look behind the mask and find that her bark is much worse than her bite! We can't say just what we really think of her, 'cause she would be sure to say we had turned "sentimental saps"—or perhaps that we were being a bit "trite." Saps or no saps, here goes! She's the best adviser and pal a senior class could have, and she deserves a whole closetful of gold medals. Here's to you, Miss Byrd; may your golf always be up to a "tee"!



JEAN BUCKLEY

SUMMIT, NEW JERSEY

President

"Hey, Buck, can you spare a dime?" "Buck, are you going to the drug *avec moi*?" She's in demand all day long. Who is she? Why, Jean Buckley, of course. Good old "Buck" always gets her nose in everything; but since she manages somehow to get it out in time, there is still some of it left. She's fun-loving, generous, and our only Yankee senior. And if she's a sample of what New Jersey has to offer, we're willing to catch the next northbound train. Let's give her a vote of thanks, for she has certainly made us a splendid president!



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QUILL PEN



ELLEN ADAMS
MACON, GEORGIA

"Ellen, is that a magazine you're trying to hide behind that notebook?" "Ellen, was it you who put a penny in this light socket?" Poor "Adams"—she has no more than pulled herself out of one swamp of trouble before she's back in another. She must lead her family a merry chase. "Adams" is a tiny thing but has more sense than you'd ever think could be packed into that small alert person. By the way, we wonder just how many dozen raw eggs Miss Adams has consumed this year. While there's life, there's hope—maybe she'll be as big as Kate Smith before long!



IDA MAE ANDREWS
ROANOKE, VIRGINIA

"Who on this hall wants to play tennis?" This cry means that "Matie" is on the war-path. That young lady is interested in a variety of amusements: she plumbs the depths of the most profound books that the biology lab has to offer, and nothing delights her more than a heart-to-heart discussion of religion. From these facts one would suppose that "Matie" is serious-minded, to say the least; but such is not the case. She is one of our most sprightly Salemites, and there seems to be no limit to the things she is ready and willing to do and do well.





QUILL PEN



MARTHA BIRDSEY
MACON, GEORGIA

"How do you spell *sistsiks*? I can't even say it. Statistics. There! I said it then." "Birdseed" is continually teased because she can't talk, but she's a sport about that as she is about everything else. Somebody once said that Martha is never out of sorts, and it's true—every word of it. She's quiet and sweet, and she's one of those people who don't "wear out." By the way, do you suppose Claudette Colbert got her craze for bangs from Miss Birdsey?



BARBARA FULTON*
KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE

Here, there, and everywhere—that's Fulton! If she hasn't already gone, she is just "fixing" to leave. We do feel sorry for that poor little girl because she has such a scanty wardrobe. Whenever you hear tinkling laughter in a group, you can be pretty sure that Barbara is in its midst doing the "Zasu Pitts" act. She's very popular in school and in Winston-Salem "centers" too. Yes, she has a pretty good time. Just ask any one at Chapel Hill if he knows Barbara Fulton and listen to what he says!

*Insufficient credits for graduation.



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QUILL PEN



JANIE HALL
KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE

Janie in Greensboro—Janie soliciting ads—Janie making puppy faces—Janie in fashion shows—Janie in plays—Janie in everything! We wouldn't be surprised if she were to take a post grad course just to be near Greensboro. Janie amuses her fellow-sufferers in French class with her striking imitations of canines. It is hard to reconcile puppy faces with the latest styles Sosnik's and Montaldo's have to offer, but Janie is like a merry-go-round—she's different every minute!



MARY LOUISE HAYWOOD
WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA

Vice-President

She is just "Mary Lou," the unchangeable—that's why we all love her. Wonder if life will always be such smooth sailing for her as it is now? Certainly it will be because she is so capable of making it so. When it comes to helping around school, she can always find time to lend a hand. The singing of tires on the pavement about eight-thirty in the morning—"Weese" coming to school. Joy riding in her car is a favorite form of exercise. Car and chauffeur will be missed a lot next year.





QUILL PEN



HELEN LITZ

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Treasurer

What will the dining room do without "Litz" in the years to come? How its walls will miss her resounding voice! And the bathtubs on second Emma Bahnson will simply waste away without her regular vocal practices in them on Saturday nights. She may be teased because, for her, life is one long song; but whenever we want poems written, sketches drawn, or big words explained, we always turn to "Litz." Although she groans over French and Latin, we've never yet found a current topic upon which our Helen is not well informed. Hats off to the girl from Washington—she's a true daughter of Salem!



LAURA LUNSFORD

DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

"Oh, Laura, do I have to have my picture taken today?" pleads a would-be movie fan. "Now or never!" is Miss Lunsford's determined reply. Gaze with awe upon the pictures of this book and realize that each one represents real work. She is full of pluck from head to toe, is Laura. We hope it runs in the family, for her much-to-be-pitied father will need all the pluck he can summon when Laura gives him the scrumptious shirt she made. We wonder if Duke fully appreciates that "Joseph's coat" of hers. Anyway, we wish her a pound of luck for every stripe in that ridiculous coat!



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MARY MCCANLESS
DANBURY, NORTH CAROLINA

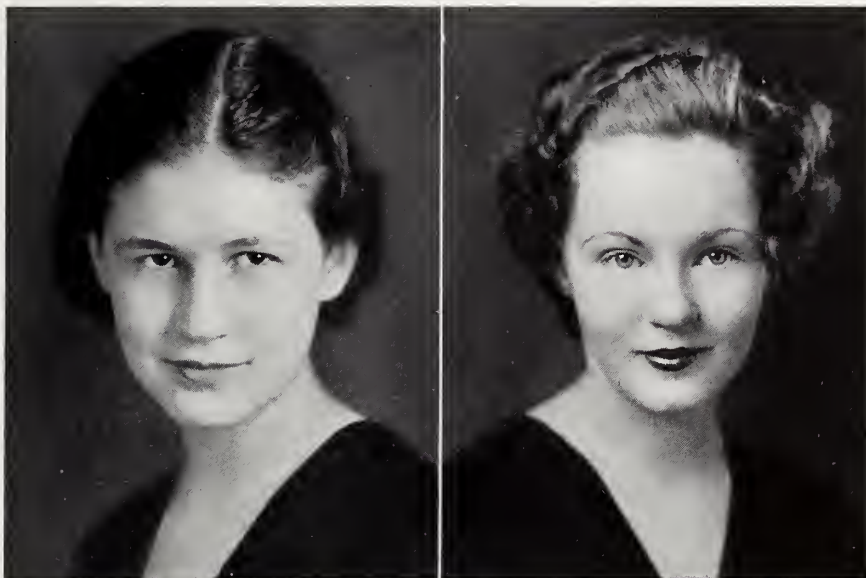
Mary reminds one of the well-known "deep waters." We can't understand how she can remain unruffled when the back end of her sewing machine drops out. Either she or Miss Wilson has the patience of Job—we won't say which. Mary is one girl who believes in the old Spanish adage, "Never let your right hand know what your left hand doth." She keeps her Romeos serenading on different balconies. For four years she has been kept busy dating a certain flaming youth who comes hither every Saturday night.

KATHLEEN MADDEN*
KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE

"Hi there, honey!" is this pert red-head's greeting to the world at large. When she saunters forth with her hat at a jaunty angle and her stray tresses flying in the breeze, she is indeed a vivid splash of color on any landscape. If it were possible to capture the happy atmosphere she creates and condense it into capsules that would have the same immediate effect, we would receive a distinguished service medal for having discovered a sure cure for the blues.

*Insufficient credits for graduation.





VARINA MAYO
KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE

Secretary

Did you say you wanted to meet the girl whom you saw falling down the steps? She's Varina Mayo, our head of riding. She can stick on any bucking bronco, announce in "big chapel" without batting an eyelash, and sleep calmly through the fields of Cain that second Emma Bahnson raises every Saturday morning. Her achievements are attended by no fanfare of her own, for she modestly donates her versatile talents to those who are not so fortunate. She's the animate definition of a perfect lady.

MARGARET O'HANLON*
WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA

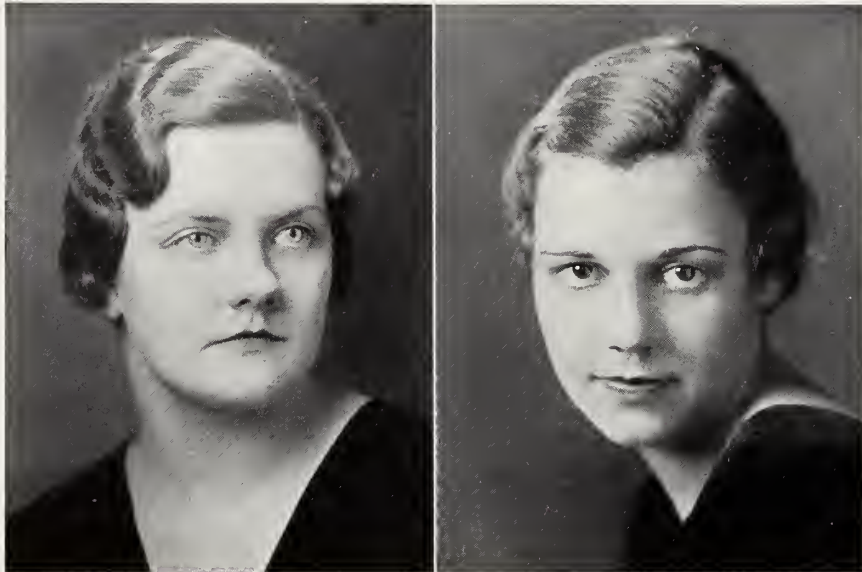
"Say, somebody, lend me a nickel to buy a Hershey," shouts a shrill voice down two E. B. as Red O'Hanlon peeps into each door in turn. "I was going to diet this week but they opened the "Y" store again, and you know candy's my weakness." Red never seems to have a serious thought tucked away under those bright red curls, and even when she is not squirming in class she gives the effect of violent motion. All the pep in the world seems to be tied up in this one small whirlwind with a tilted nose, wide blue eyes, and rebellious red hair that always stands on end. She is the spice of Salem life.

*Insufficient credits for graduation.





QUILL PEN



MARTHA PRYOR
TANNER, ALABAMA

"Martha, don't you know better than to crack nuts after lights?" "Pryor, did you know Miss Knox actually fainted when she saw that awful dummy—work of art, I should say—in her bed?" Martha's mischievous, but she has managed to keep her privileges longer than most of us. She is a regular member of the "Loggia Club," but she probably figures that she gets enough exercise on her daily trips to Welfare's. When Pryor's "Alabamy Bound" at the end of this school year, we'll begin to realize how much Salem will miss her.

VIRGINIA SMITH
SALEM, VIRGINIA

"Ouch! my ears hurt!" wailed a poor girl standing near Ginny when that young lady emitted a fierce war whoop to usher in another week-end at Roanoke. What can the attraction be in Roanoke College and V. E. S.? Maybe I should say "who." The Greyhound Bus Line gets enough business from "Smith" alone to keep running from now until the end of the Depression. Then, too, she's our idea of a perfect outdoor girl. If it isn't home at the other end of Ginny's trail, you may be sure it will be a campfire. She would never make a good cheer leader—she must always be in the thick of things. When "Smith" kicks that soccer ball down the field, I mean it's going! We hope life will always be as easy for her as the soccer and basketball games she played so well.



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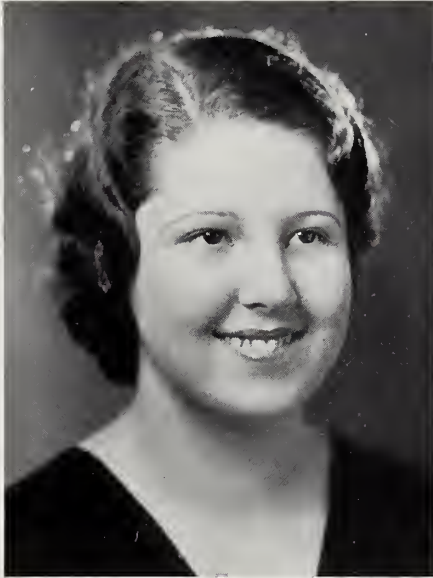


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QUILL PEN



SUE TINSLEY
AIR POINT, VIRGINIA

Good ol' Sue—she's such unfailing good company. She has an enviable disposition that makes the world her friend, and, to top it all, Sue's one of our star athletes. The Purples would be in a sad fix without "Sutie" to place victory within their grasp. She's another disciple of Roanoke and regales the Monday morning sewing class with accounts of "Elmer" and her adventures while week-ending in ye good ol' state of Virginia.



ADELAIDE TUCKER
WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA

Introducing Adelaide—a sport in everything she does. Bumps and bounces, tears and tumbles do not faze her, and she comes up with a grin. So great is "Tuck's" power that even Miss Sumner succumbs—she once did all Adelaide's algebra for her during English class. We can't help believing that "Tuck's" genius in portraying burglars (remember "Two Crooks and a Lady"?) calls for an explanation. Winston-Salem millionaires had better keep their gold under lock and key! We'll not forget "Tuck" and her "Allah Buddah" soon.



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QUILL PEN



MARGARET WIGGINS
HARTSVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

Tap-tap-tap. Don't you recognize it? That's Margaret giving us an exhibition of the "South Carolina shag." There's something louder than a tap when she gets a special from a certain person in Virginia. We still don't see how she managed to wade out of the fig preserves spilled in her closet. But we have to hand it to her 'cause she's got it all over Adams when it comes to "embroidering stories." Our one and only Wiggins—there will never be another like her.



MARTHA MOORE
WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA

Post Graduate

"Package for Martha Moore! More clothes, I guess." Life is a bowl of cherries for one girl anyway. If it isn't clothes, it's letters. We vote that she have a mail box all her own. It looks as if Martha is headed for a life in the U. S. army—but then, there's the "promising" young orchestra leader, and West Point's pretty far away. But by the time this book is published, there'll be another person's world on her string. More power to you, Martha.



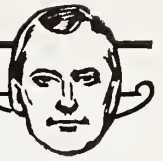
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Class History

THE FIRST thing we noticed, after the excitement and fright of registering and of meeting the faculty, was a group of older girls sadly bewailing that this was to be the last year of the good old days in South Hall. Finally some kind-hearted senior condescended to explain and, taking us out on the campus, pointed to the New Salem Academy rising on the opposite hill. She told us of the donors, the Patterson, Bahnson, and Shaffner families. We could not wait to move into the new building; but before the year was over, we learned to love Old South Hall, worn by the footsteps of Salem's girls for 157 years. Four years seemed a long time to us young freshmen. However, we began bravely with Helen Litz, president; Ethel Litz, secretary and treasurer; and Miss Knox, class adviser.

As freshmen we did not play a large part in the social life of Salem, but it was fun entertaining the junior class with a picnic out at the Rondthalers' farm. We roasted weiners and marshmallows on the bank of the Yadkin River.

The year 1930 in the new buildings brought numerous changes and the establishment of many new traditions at Salem.

Our class officers were Ethel Litz, president; Mary Louise Haywood, vice-president; Jean Buckley, secretary and treasurer; and Miss Amelia Hollis, class adviser.

During our sophomore year a new organization, the Student Representatives, was instituted. A group of students, chosen from each floor, met with Miss Jackson and Miss Zachary each Monday evening at dinner to discuss ways in which we might co-operate with the faculty and plan varied activities of benefit and interest to the entire student body. One of the outstanding accomplishments of this organization was to start a library to be separate from that of the college and in our own buildings.

The main social event of our sophomore year was the luncheon given for the senior class at the Blue Willow.

September 1931 found many new girls among our junior class. Early in the fall we organized with Janie Hall, president; Mary Louise Haywood, vice-president; Sue Tinsley, secretary-treasurer. Miss Wilson, who certainly knows the "ropes" of junior work, was chosen to lead us forward in our march.

At Thanksgiving we gave *The Romantic Age*, by Milne, under the direction of Miss Byrd. Varina Mayo, Janie Hall, Edris McAfee, Helen Litz, Jean Buckley, and Adelaide Tucker took the leading rôles. As a result of their successful performance they were initiated into Pi Delta Phi, senior dramatic club.

"Who wants waffles for Sunday breakfast?" was a familiar question throughout the junior year, and enabled us to give a sumptuous junior-senior banquet at the country club, with an Indian motif in decoration and an orchestra for entertainment.

Our senior year! We faced 1932-33 a bit sadly. It was to be our last year in Salem. However, each of us had a goal in view—graduation. Our class officers for the year were: president, Jean Buckley; vice-president, Mary L. Haywood; secretary,





QUILL PEN



Varina Mayo; treasurer, Helen Litz; Miss Byrd, our friend of four years, was chosen to guide us on our last journey.

Being seniors has been much fun. Senior privileges, getting senior rings, parties and dinners—all have made the year seem like a wonderful dream. The first of the important social events came on January the fourteenth when the I. R. S. Council of Salem College honored us with a formal dinner in the college dining-room. Afterwards there was an orchestra for dancing, and the faculty of both institutions gave a ripping operetta for our entertainment. To raise our spirits after mid-year examinations the faculty gave us a dinner. And the impossible came to pass! It was a co-ed affair, and incidentally a huge success. On March the seventh the student representatives received at a tea for the mothers of the day students. About one hundred guests called. On Saturday after Easter the sophomores entertained us at a delightful luncheon at Sedgefield Inn, and on the following Sunday morning Miss Byrd honored us with a delicious waffle breakfast.

One of the most enjoyable social events of the spring was the dinner Dr. and Mrs. Rondthaler gave us at their home on the sixth of May. The presence of boys created no end of excitement and pleasure. A gala occasion was the junior-senior banquet on May the thirteenth at the country club. At a farewell breakfast on May the twentieth we gave the faculty an advance invitation to the opening of the World's Fair.

Since this account of teas, luncheons, and banquets may give the wrong impression of the way the seniors have spent their time, I must add that except for one report, we have had the largest percentage of any class on the honor roll for the year.

Our class has six members who entered as freshmen and are now graduating: Helen Litz, Ellen Adams, Mary Louise Haywood, Martha Pryor, Mary McCanless, and Adelaide Tucker.

Our years at Salem Academy have been replete with work and pleasure. Among the things which have contributed to our happiness not the least were those done for us by Dr. and Mrs. Rondthaler, particularly Dr. Rondthaler's story of secondhand gifts at Christmas vespers, and vespers around the putz in their home the first Sunday after the holidays.

As we graduate, we are happy that we have shared and shall continue to share the Salem heritage.

—ADELAIDE TUCKER, *Historian*.





Last Will and Testament

State of North Carolina,
County of Forsyth,
City of Winston-Salem,
Salem Academy.

To Whom It May Concern:

We, the class of 1933, being supposedly of sound mind and body, do hereby declare this to be our last will and testament.

ARTICLE I

To the faculty we leave our senior dignity, remembering occasions when they have lost that dearly prized quality.

ARTICLE II

To the members of the junior class we will our discarded "spikes" and long dresses, hoping that they may aid in the "growing up" campaign now in progress on first Carrie Shaffner.

ARTICLE III

To the members of our sister class, the sophomores, we will our college pennants and stickers, hoping that the collection will be added to every year.

ARTICLE IV

To the freshman class we bequeath vim, vigor, and vitality to pull them through the remaining years at Salem.

ARTICLE V

Laura Lunsford wills to Shirley Tompkins a southern drawl to take the place of that northern twang.

Martha Birdsey wills to "Weasel" Frazier a bicycle on which to ride to school every morning.

Ida Mae Andrews leaves her taking ways with the teachers to anybody who hasn't the right attitude.

Helen Litz wills to Mary Mott her wonderful voice, hoping that she can stay on key.

Mary McCanless leaves to Jody Litz her seat at the telephone on 3 C. S. at lunch. We hope you make as much time, Jody.

Martha Pryor wills to Anne Perkins her "Scotty," knowing of Anne's love for dogs.

Ellen Adams wills to Mag Wood her raw eggs, desiring to help Mag put on a few pounds.





QUILL PEN



Martha Moore wills to Betty Sanders her Saturday night dates with the hope that she can still use the social room.

Adelaide Tucker wills to Peggy Brawley her ability to do nothing gracefully.

Varina Mayo wills to "Weasel" Frazier her athletic ability, including her position as president of the Loggia Club.

Jean Buckley wills to Florence Jeffress the following things: one good corner room on 3 C. S.; one portable with records; five cents to put in the pay telephone; one black velvet dress; and one book of stamps. May they bring the same results that they have brought Jean.

Margaret Wiggins wills to the school at large that Myrtle Beach shag, hoping that they all get that certain kick.

ARTICLE VI

Thinking them to be sadly needed, we bequeath the following:

To Miss Knox, a new pair of glasses, fearing that at some time she will break hers in choral singing, and our earnest hope that the incoming freshman class will have many talented musicians to take our places.

To Miss Watson, a cup of coffee and a cup of tea, hoping that at some time she will "drink her fill."

To Miss Wheeler a fog-horn with which to wake the girls at 6:30, so that she will not have to walk up so many steps.

ARTICLE VII

Each member of the senior class gives to Dr. and Mrs. Rondthaler her love.

To Miss Byrd, our class teacher, and to Miss Jackson and Miss Zachary, our deans, we leave our best wishes for success and happiness in the future.

To our Alma Mater, our love and our faithful promise to spread her fame wherever we go.

ARTICLE VIII

We hereunto set our signatures and affix the seal on this, the second day of June, nineteen hundred and thirty-three.

SIGNED (CLASS OF 1933),

—MARGARET WIGGINS, *Testator*.





Class Prophecy

JUNE 2, 1938.

Dearest Janie,

You have no idea what you missed by not going to Jean's wedding. But I can easily see how it would be impossible for you to tear yourself away from such a darling baby, and such an adoring husband—not to mention the building of a new house.

Jean was a lovely bride. She wore a gorgeous white satin dress, which, I hear, she went to Paris just to select. Orange blossoms and a flowing white tulle veil completed her costume. And her bouquet! Perfect white orchids! Where did she get them? I'll tell you if you won't mention it. Ida Mae Andrews smuggled them in from Africa for her. You remember how Ida Mae used to dream about different ways she could smuggle them in! Well, her dreams have come true. She sails to Africa in her yacht, gathers the orchids (picture Ida Mae clambering over trees in search of them), and then slips them into the States.

Of course, we all knew when we graduated from Salem that Mary Louise was headed for great things. She is one of the eminent lawyers of the country. One of her most recent and most spectacular cases was the securing of a divorce for Margaret O'Hanlon. Margaret is New York's most popular divorcée, so the rumors say. But to get back to Mary Louise, she was Jean's matron of honor. Yes, she has done well as to a husband, as well as to a profession.

Virginia and Sue were the bridesmaids. They wore delightful green chiffon dresses. You can't imagine where they were designed and made—at the Laura Ellene Shoppe, Fifth Avenue. None other than Laura Ellen is the proud proprietress. She tells me that even when she first started her shop, back in the days of the depression, it flourished. And now in these days of prosperity it is simply packed with eager customers. Virginia and Sue have just been having a good time since Salem days; they are both still the belles of college dances. But here is a choice piece of gossip: Jinny and Sue are both wearing diamond rings.

Martha Pryor was there and had her little boy with her. A few weeks before the wedding she entertained the bridal party on her plantation in Alabama. Jinny and Sue talked constantly of what a beautiful home Martha has and what a perfect hostess she is. And they say that her husband is very handsome and most devoted.

Janie, all of our class that graduated from Salem in 1933 were either there or accounted for!

I had lunch with the artist who painted that famous portrait, "Madame Fifi." When I tell you that I waited two hours for her, it will be unnecessary to add that it was Helen Litz. We talked; that is, Helen talked and I listened about her various mad projects. She writes books, paints pictures, attends every classical concert that comes to Washington, and thinks up original costumes.

Ellen Adams and Martha Birdsey spend their time traveling through Europe and the Far East. Martha has collected quite a famous set of pearls, and Ellen a lengthy





QUILL PEN



string of broken hearts. They left the day after the wedding for a little jaunt to South Africa.

Martha Moore, as she was to us, was unable to be at the wedding. Jean heard from her just a few days ago. She and her husband are stationed in Hawaii. Martha and Ellen happened to drop in on her once while cruising around. They had much to say about Martha, the society leader of Hawaii.

Adelaide Tucker has also joined the ranks of fame. Her latest novel was the best seller of the season. She made an address to the Wednesday Afternoon Book Club the day after the wedding. Since I still have a weakness for attending meetings, and since I was very anxious to hear what "Tuck" had to say, I stayed over. My dear, I wish you could have seen her autographing programs. Quite the celebrity!

Barbara was unable to be there. She is hunting in England with the something-or-other pack. I'm sorry I can't think of the name because it's really quite sporty.

Kathleen was at the wedding, wearing a good looking green velvet dress. As you know, she is president of the National Junior League. She gives this as an excuse for never writing.

Mary McCanless is living in Winston-Salem now. She recently endowed the Academy. Isn't that nice? Mary is married and crazy about her husband and home. She told me to tell you to come over some time since you are so near.

Did you know that the name of a popular musical comedy star is only a stage name? In private life the name is none other than Margaret Wiggins. Margaret couldn't get away from the stage long enough for the wedding, but she sent us all passes for her new show that opens next week. I'm enclosing yours.

I'm not yet over the disappointment of not seeing you. Remember me to your husband.

Love,

VARINA.





Class Poem

My life's a wheat field sown upon a hill;
The first rows sown with mother's guiding hand;
The next rows sown with childhood's random skill.
Then school began to cultivate the land.
The storm-bent rows all twisted by the wind,
The rocky crevice where no grain would grow,
The shale o'er which the stalks are parched and thinned,
When viewed entire, make but little show.
Yet I must guard against too lax a throw;
I must see that my scattered grains are few.
Else how can I pray that my grain may grow
And from on high receive the sun and dew?
Watching my golden, growing field of late,
I notice that I make my rows more straight.

—HELEN ELIZABETH LITZ, *Class Poet*.





QUILL PEN



SENIORS AND MARSHALS

BUCKLEY
WILLINGHAM
HALL
LASATER
McCANDLESS
McARTHUR
SMITH
VOGLER

ADAMS
WOOD
HAYWOOD
BAHNSON
MAYO
MADDEN
TINSLEY
PERKINS

ANDREWS
HILL
H. LITZ
J. LITZ
MOORE
BRAWLEY
TUCKER
MOTT

BIRDSEY
FULTON
LUNSFORD
JEFFRESS
PRYOR
SANDERS
WIGGINS
LICKLIDER

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QUILL PEN



Junior Class

Miss Virginia Wilson, *Class Sponsor*; Anne Perkins, Winston-Salem, N. C., *President*; Peggy Brawley, Pasadena, Calif., *vice-President*; Blevens Vogler, Winston-Salem, N. C., *Secretary and Treasurer*.

Louise Frazier, Winston-Salem, N. C.; Florence Jeffress, Danville, Va.; Mary Margaret Johnson, Old Fort, N. C.

Kathryn Kilgore, Winston-Salem, N. C.; Mary Mott, Winston-Salem, N.C.; Margaret Ricks, Hanes, N. C.; Helen Thomas, Forest City, N. C.





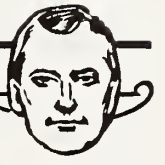
Sophomore Class

Miss Georgia Watson, *Class Sponsor*; Elizabeth Trotman, Winston-Salem, N. C., *President*; Josephine Litz, Charleston, W. Va., *Vice-President*; Helen McArthur, Winston-Salem, N. C., *Secretary and Treasurer*.

Betty Bahnson, Winston-Salem, N. C.; Sarah Lyell Glenn, Winston-Salem, N. C.; Irene Marus, Charlotte, N. C.

Betty Sanders, Roanoke, Va.; Marguerite Willingham, Winston-Salem, N. C.; Shirley Tompkins, Long Island, N. Y.





Freshman Class

Miss Laura Sumner, *Class Sponsor*; Katharine Licklider, Winston-Salem, N. C., *President*; Margaret Wood, Canton, Ga., *Vice-President*; Betsy Hill, Winston-Salem, N. C., *Secretary and Treasurer*.

Louise Bennett, Winston-Salem, N. C.; Martha Ann Glenn, Winston-Salem, N. C.; Louise Kirk, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Bob-Ed Lasater, Winston-Salem, N. C.; Nita Montague, Winston-Salem, N. C.; Harriet Valk, Winston-Salem, N. C.





8:30 P.M.



10 P.M.



Good Night ~

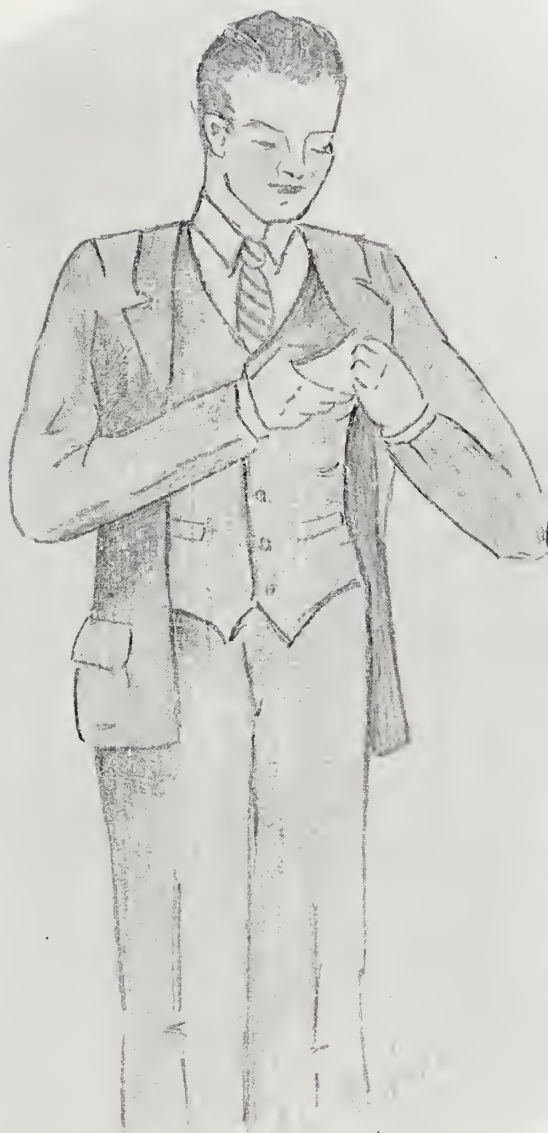
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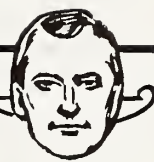
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*"They reach in their pockets;
And pull things out."*

Athletics



Heads of Sports

SUE TINSLEY *Golds*
VIRGINIA SMITH *Purples*
PEGGY BRAWLEY *Speedball*
VARINA MAYO *Riding*
BETTY BAHNSON *Baseball*

LOUISE FRAZIER *Soccer*
MARGARET RICKS *Basketball*
VIRGINIA SMITH *Swimming*
IDA MAE ANDREWS *Tennis*
ADELAIDE TUCKER *Archery*

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QUILL PEN



Soccer

GOLDS

ANDREWS
*BAHNSON
BRAWLEY
GLENN, S. L.
HILL

JOHNSON
LICKIDER
*LUNSFORD
MCARTHUR

MONTAGUE
MOTT
*SMITH
*WILLINGHAM
WOOD

PURPLES

BUCKLEY
*FRAZIER
GLENN, M. A.
*JEFFRESS

LASATER
LITZ, J.
PERKINS
*RICKS
*TINSLEY

TOMPKINS
VALK
VOGLER
YOUNT



Speedball

GOLDS

*BAHNSON
*BRAWLEY
GLENN, S. L.
HILL

*JOHNSON
LICKIDER
LUNSFORD
MCARTHUR
MONTAGUE

MOTT
SMITH
*WILLINGHAM
*WOOD

GLENN, M. A.
*FRAZIER
JEFFRESS
LASATER
LITZ, J.

PURPLES

PERKINS
REID
*RICKS
*TINSLEY
VALK

*VOGLER
TOMPKINS
HALL
BUCKLEY

*Indicates varsity team.

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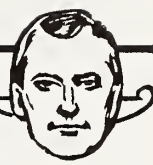


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QUILL PEN



Basketball

	GOLDS		PURPLES	
WILLINGHAM	JOHNSON	MOTT	TOMPKINS	
*BAHNSON	SMITH	GLENN, S. L.	WIGGINS	*KILGORE
*WOOD	LICKLIDER	HILL	*FRAZIER	BUCKLEY
*BRAWLEY	MONTAGUE	LITZ, H.	*RICKS	JEFFRESS
MCARTHUR	LUNSFORD			PERKINS
				GLENN, M. A.
				VALK
				LASATER
				TINSLEY
				SANDERS



Swimming

*Indicates varsity team.





QUILL PEN



Riding



Tennis

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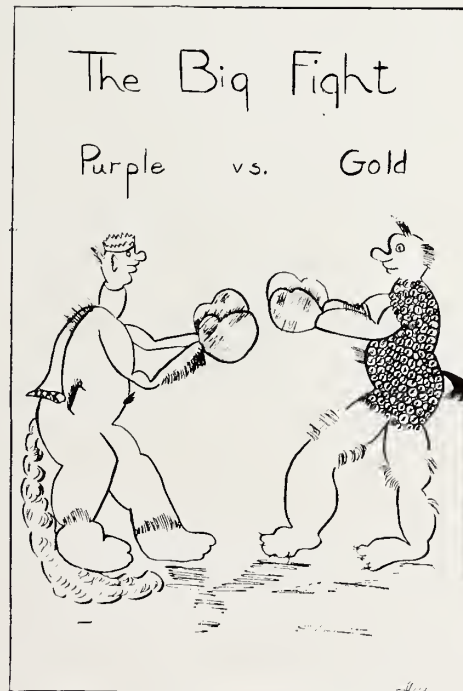


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Archery





QUILL PEN



STUDY HALL,
MARCH 3, 1933.

Dear Alice:

Even if I don't owe you a letter, I simply must tell you of the queer dream I had last night.

Miss Jackson's musical voice disturbed my rest. "Why *am* I getting so much mail all at once?" she wondered as Rob, the famous cupid-carrier, handed that lady a large bundle. When she examined the envelopes, she exclaimed, "Oh yes! These are the reports of our girls." (You know, each college which has a Salem girl attending it sends back a report of her). "My!" Miss Jackson continued, "I guess I'll just close my eyes and pick a letter at random. There are so many I don't know where to begin."

"Dear Madam:" began the first. "We are sorry to inform you that Miss Ellen Adams is not doing well in her work. Her thoughts are entirely taken up with boys. . ."

"M—m—m. Not such a good start," observed Miss Jackson through her teeth.

"We are pleased to tell you," the worthy lady read in the next, "that Margaret Wood is doing excellently in her work, which she takes seriously; in fact, she made an A average."

The third epistle proved satisfying also. "You have given us a most extraordinary girl to educate. Margaret O'Hanlon is an extremely silent, serious-minded girl, and she seems to know her lessons perfectly."

Another college informed Miss Jackson that Mary McCanless had been dubbed the most athletic in school.

"Just as I predicted." Miss Jackson nodded her head in satisfaction.

The next missive which our friend drew from the pile spoke of "shy, timid little Helen Litz. It is considered a great accomplishment to get her to talk."

Miss Jackson's poor, tired eyes lighted up as she read the following: "We are delighted to say that Shirley Tompkins has a truly talented voice. She has featured in all our operettas; we entertain high hopes for her. . . ."

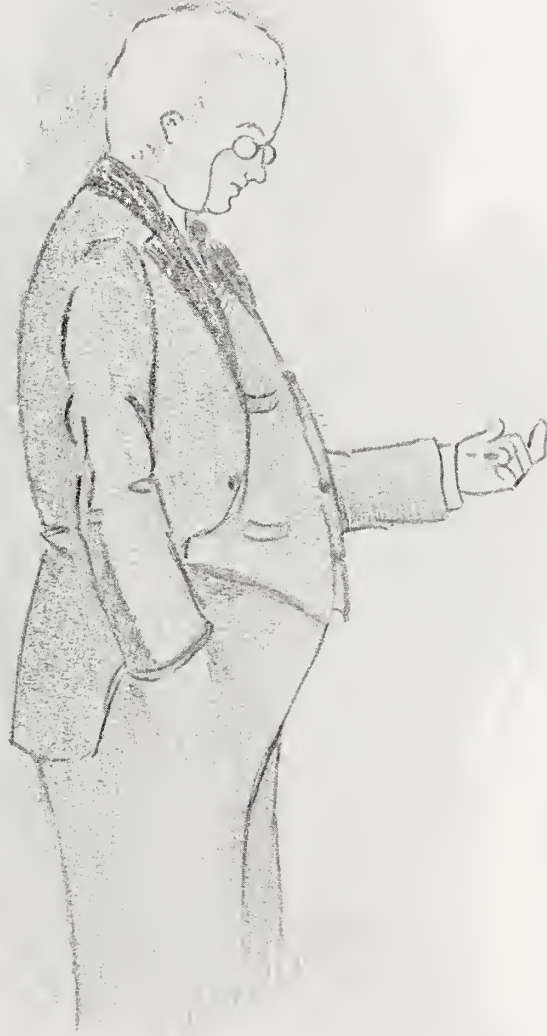
And then Miss Jackson's musical voice really did wake me up! She was standing at the door saying, "Have you aired your beds, girls?" If I have many such nightmares, I shall know I am not quite "all here." Anyway, I didn't tell it before breakfast.

Yours, on the verge of writer's cramp,

PEGGY.

P. S.—And just for that, young lady, I am going to spend an exciting forty-five minutes in punishment hour. I do wish these teachers didn't have such spying eyes.





*"They lose all the buttons
off their clothes."*

Organizations



QUILL PEN



Quill Pen Staff

Miss Laura Sumner, *Faculty Adviser*; Ellen Adams, *Editor-in-Chief*; Janie Hall, *Advertising Manager*;
Laura Lunsford, *Photographic Editor*.

Helen Litz, *Art Editor*; Varina Mayo, *Assistant Editor*; Peggy Brawley, *Assistant Editor*; Louise
Frazier, *Athletic Editor*.

Martha Pryor, *Business Manager*; Blevens Vogler, *Assistant Advertising Manager*; Josephine Litz, *Assistant
Art Editor*; Mary Louise Haywood, *Senior Representative*.

Margaret Ricks, *Junior Representative*; Betty Bahnson, *Sophomore Representative*; Bob-Ed Lasater, *Fresh-
man Representative*; Florence Jeffress, *Assistant Business Manager*.





Student Representatives

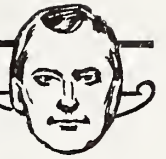
The Student Representatives, organized in 1930, is a group of girls elected by the dormitory floors to meet each Monday evening at dinner with Miss Jackson and Miss Zachary. They discuss ways in which the students may cooperate with the faculty and the administration in the varied activities of school life. The Representatives in the past three years have promoted many excellent activities, some of which are illustrated on the opposite page.

REPRESENTATIVES FOR 1932-33

JEAN BUCKLEY
JOSEPHINE LITZ
MARTHA BIRDSEY
JANIE HALL
MARY MOTT

ADELAIDE TUCKER
VIRGINIA SMITH
SUE TINSLEY
VARINA MAYO





Student Representative Projects

ARBOR DAY 1933
VESPERS
CITIZENSHIP DAY

WEEK-END HIKE
CHRISTMAS PARTY
FIRE DRILL

TREE PLANTING 1932
ALUMNAE LETTERS
LIBRARY

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QUILL PEN



Pi Delta Phi

"We are the friends of poets and drama."

Founded March 27, 1930

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VARINA MAYO	<i>President</i>
JANIE HALL	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

MEMBERS

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HELEN LITZ
BLEVENS VOGLER

ANNE PERKINS
MARGARET WIGGINS
ADELAIDE TUCKER
BARBARA FULTON

KATHLEEN MADDEN
MARY MOTT
ELLEN ADAMS

HONORARY MEMBER

MISS JESS BYRD

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QUILL PEN



The Harlequin Club JUNIOR DRAMATIC CLUB

OFFICERS

MISS MARGARET MURRAY	<i>Faculty Adviser</i>
BETTY SANDERS	<i>President</i>
ELIZABETH TROTMAN	<i>Vice-President</i>
BETTY BAHNSON	<i>Secretary</i>
MARGUERITE WILLINGHAM	<i>Treasurer</i>

MEMBERS

LOUISE BENNETT	KATHARINE LICKLIDER
MARTHA ANN GLENN	IRENE MARUS
SARAH LYELL GLENN	HELEN McARTHUR
BETSY HILL	NITA MONTAGUE
BOB-ED LASATER	HARRIET VALK

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The Edison Club

The Edison Club, which is the active science organization on the campus, makes it possible for the members of the various science classes to keep informed on modern scientific inventions and discoveries. The programs consist of demonstrations and reports by the members and occasional lectures by outside speakers.

OFFICERS

HELEN LITZ	President
SUE TINSLEY	Vice-President
MARTHA BIRDSEY	Secretary
ANNE PERKINS	Treasurer





QUILL PEN



Scribblers' Club

The Scribblers' Club, organized this year for those interested in creative English, sponsors the Academy column in the *Salemite* (the Salem College newspaper) and also our own newspaper, *The Quill Pencil*, which has been issued three times this year.

OFFICERS

MISS JESS BYRD	Faculty Adviser
JANIE HALL	President
VARINA MAYO	Secretary-Treasurer

MEMBERS

MARY LOUISE HAYWOOD
 PEGGY BRAWLEY
 ANNE PERKINS
 HELEN LITZ
 ADELAIDE TUCKER

ELLEN ADAMS
 BLEVENS VOGLER
 JEAN BUCKLEY
 LOUISE FRAZIER
 HELEN McARTHUR
 MARGARET WIGGINS

KATHERINE LICKLIDER
 ELIZABETH TROTMAN
 KATHRYN KILGORE
 BETTY BAHNSON
 MARY MOTT

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The Mikado
OR
The Town of Titipu
AN OPERETTA IN TWO ACTS
BY
GILBERT AND SULLIVAN
CAST OF CHARACTERS

The Mikado of Japan	GERTRUDE SCHWALBE
Nanki-Poo	JANIE HALL
Ko-Ko	JANE RONDTHALER
Pooh-Bah	CAROLYN WELCH
Pish-Tush	LAURA ELLEN LUNSFORD
Yum-Yum	MARY MOTT
Peep-Bo	RUTH SANDROCK
Pitti-Sing	HELEN THOMAS
Katisha	HELEN LITZ

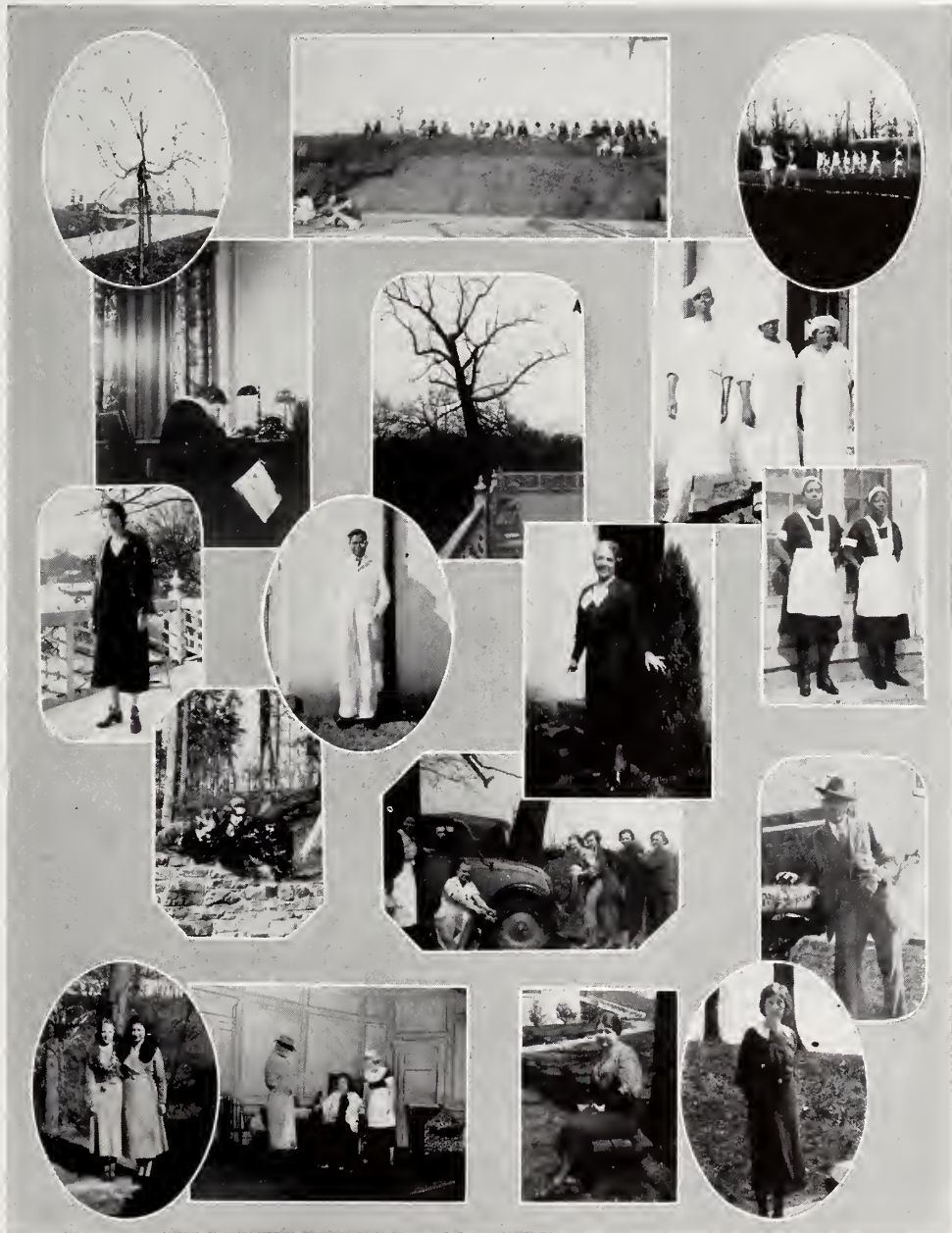
Chorus of Nobles
Chorus of School Girls

Director	MISS DOROTHY KNOX
Accompanist	DOROTHY BLAIR
Costumes	MISS VIRGINIA WILSON
Setting	MISS HAZEL D. WHEELER





QUILL PEN



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QUILL PEN



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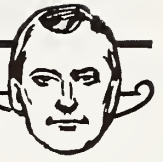


*"Men are queer creatures;
I like men."*

Statistics



QUILL PEN



Dream Girls

<i>Most Intellectual</i>	ELLEN ADAMS
<i>Most Stylish</i>	JANIE HALL
<i>Most Attractive</i>	BARBARA FULTON
<i>Most Athletic</i>	LOUISE FRAZIER
<i>Best All Round Senior</i>	VARINO MAYO
<i>Best All Round Junior</i>	ANNE PERKINS
<i>Best All Round Sophomore</i>	JOSEPHINE LITZ
<i>Best All Round Freshman</i>	BETSY HILL









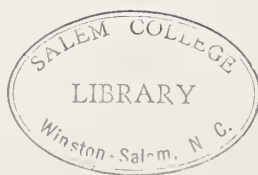






*They throw away pipes
and find them again.*

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ICE

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AND

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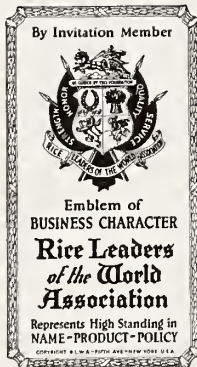
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